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MY FIRST STORY-BOOK.

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THE LETTERPRESS BY

MISS E. I. TUPPER,

And the Illustrations by First-class Artists.

NEW YORK:
THOMAS NELSON AND SONS.
LONDON:
S. W. PARTRIDGE AND CO.

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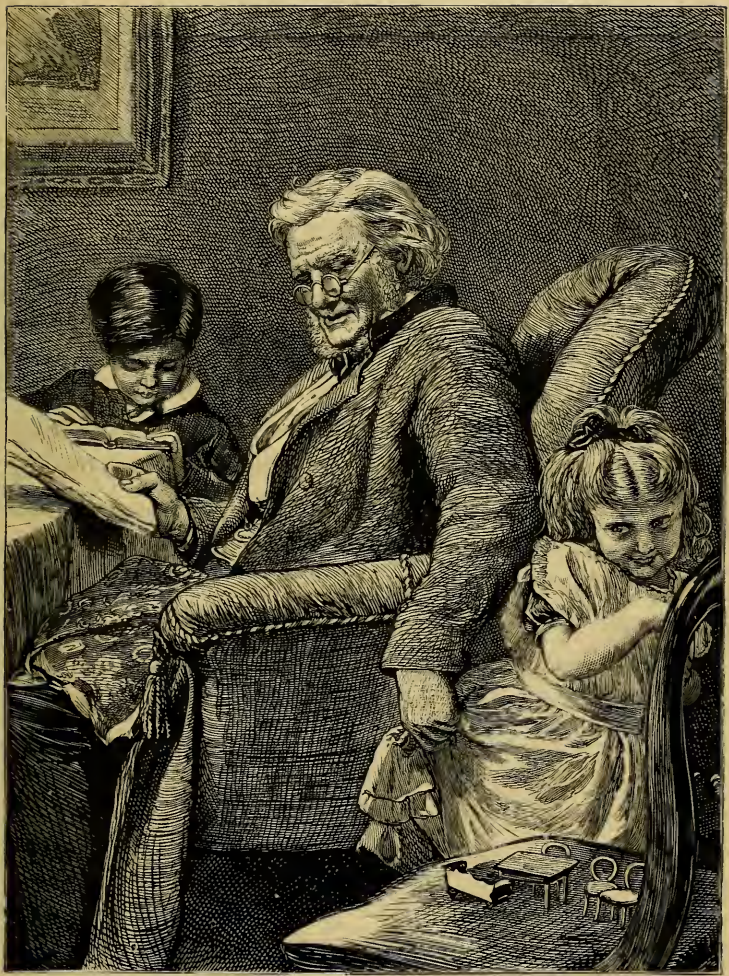
GRANDPAPA AND POLLY

POLLY is a merry and mischievous little girl, and seems never to be so well pleased as when she is making a noise and playing off her tricks upon some one or other. Her young brother Edgar is very fond of learning his lessons and reading books; but if Polly is near she will not let him read, and tries to make him put his books aside and play with her. He thought he would try and get a little peace this morning, and so he took his book and went into the library, and sat down by the side of grandpapa. But Miss Polly was not to be beaten in that way, so she followed him into the library, and having placed her doll's table and sofa on one of the great library chairs, she began to play at hide-and-seek around and under the table. Grandpapa was reading and wished to be quiet, so he caught Miss Polly as she was creeping along at the back of his chair and told her she really must be still, as he could not read while she was playing about and making such a noise. I hope she will mind what he says.



GOING TO HER SINGING LESSON.

DOROTHY is the only child of her mother, who has been many years a widow and an invalid; and as they are not rich, it is her great ambition by-and-by when she is older to earn money for their support. So she is very industrious, and learns all she can. A kind lady in a neighbouring street has offered to give her lessons in singing, as Dorothy has a beautiful voice; and twice a week we may see her, with her music under her arm, going to the lady's house. So well has she already profited by these instructions that she hopes in another year to sing in public; and as Dorothy is as good as she is pretty, we hope she will succeed in all she undertakes, and be able to have her wish and keep her mother in comfort in her old age. Dorothy and her mother are very fond of each other, and do not like to be away from one another more than they can help, as they are almost alone in the world; so she spends all her time, when not at school, sitting by her mother's sofa and amusing her with books or songs.

THE YOUNG SHEPHERDESS.

JOAN was very anxious about the weather as the time drew near for her birthday party, for it was to be a grand affair—everybody to come in fancy dress, with amusements on the lawn, and fireworks in the evening—and a rainy day would have spoilt it all. However, there were no clouds in the sky when Joan got up in the morning, and James the gardener, who was supposed to be weather-wise, said he thought there would be no rain that day, so Joan went into breakfast with a light heart. Three o'clock was the hour for the company to arrive, but long before that time Joan, dressed as a shepherdess was believed to dress a hundred years ago or more, might be seen leaning against a tree ready to receive her guests. Joan's dress was of grey silk over a rose-coloured petticoat; a little hat worn on one side was trimmed with rosy ribbons, and her crook was bound round with the same; and she led by a blue ribbon a pet lamb, who looked proud of his position, but not quite happy at this loss of his liberty.

THE MORNING WASH.

ADA is a clean little girl, and is quite unhappy if she has dirty hands. Mama bought her a large piece of sponge the other day, which she finds useful to wash herself with. She is just now washing herself very clean, because mama is waiting to take her for a walk over the fields to see dear old grandmama. The old lady lives close to the old church that you can just see out of the window. It is a great treat for Ada to visit grandmama, as there is a nice garden where she can have a swing as long as she likes. And the old lady is always so glad to see her, and gives her some nice fruit. But grandmama would not like to see Ada with soiled hands and face, and her hair uncombed, and her boots dirty. We should always keep ourselves clean, for dirty habits are a disgrace, and injure the health. The clergyman met Ada on the common the other morning, and stopped her, and asked her where she was going, and remarked what a nice clean little girl she was. He always pats her on the back at the Sunday-school when he sees her.

MOTHER'S PET.

THIS is little Arthur, who, whenever he goes out on a visit and is asked what he is called at home, always answers "Mother's pet;" and looking at his bright and happy little smiling face we cannot wonder at the name, for he is so winning and lovable in manner that we may be sure he is not only "mother's," but "everybody's pet." A little girl was once asked, "Why do people love you so much?" and she replied, "I think it must be because I love them:" which was a very good and true answer. And I daresay if we asked him the question, Arthur would reply in much the same words, for he does love papa and mamma very dearly, as all good little boys and girls should. And his parents, who love him very much, have taught him also to love the great God who made him and watches over him, and they likewise teach him to love his brothers and sisters and all the people he meets. If Arthur goes on as he has begun he will make friends all his life long, and be beloved by all who know him.

MY PICTURE-BOOK.

LITTLE Charlie ran into the nursery one day,
Where his brothers and sisters were busy at play,
And called out with glee, "You must all come and look
At my large and beautiful picture-book.

"It's my very own; aunt sent it to me
From a long, long way across the sea."
"How very kind!" said the children all,
And at once they left their game of ball.

Then down they sat on the nursery floor,
And turned the pages o'er and o'er,
Until they came to the end, and then
They looked at each picture once again.

And so happily passed the hours by,
That Charlie said they seemed to fly;
And I wish his aunt had seen the joy
Her present gave to this little boy.

POLLY AND HER COPY-BOOK.

POLLY'S godfather comes about twice a year to see her, and always asks how she gets on with her lessons, and what she has lately learnt. The last time he came Polly told him she was going to learn writing, and he said that if when he came again she could show him a copy-book in which she had made neither blots of ink nor mistakes in spelling the words, he would give her a present of a well-fitted-up writing-desk. Polly, you may be sure, was very much pleased at this, and resolving to do her best to gain such a prize, has taken great pains both in writing and spelling. Here you see her leaning on her godfather's shoulder while he turns over the pages of the copy-book; she hopes there are no mistakes, and encouraged by the way he says, "Good, very good," and "Very well done" from time to time, feels almost certain that next day she will see the railway van drive up the road and a parcel directed to herself and containing the wished-for desk left at the door.

Copy-Book.

THE SHY CHILD.

GRANDMAMMA has come a long way, even though it is cold winter weather, with snow on the ground, on purpose that she may spend a day with her daughter, and see her favourite grandchild Lucy. But little Miss Lucy, who is generally rather noisy and fond of a game of romps, is so shy this afternoon that she will hardly look up, and won't say a word. "Come and sit on my knee, dear," says grandmamma, holding out her hands ready to take her pet. "Yes, sit upon grandmamma's knee, there's a good little girl," repeats the nurse. But Lucy resolutely shakes her head, and leaning it closer on nurse's shoulder seems determined not to move from where she is now. So poor grandmamma has to be contented with looking at Lucy, instead of holding her in her arms as she so very much wishes to do, and hopes that when next she comes to the house her little grandchild will be wiser than she is to-day, and not be so shy; but come at once and sit on the knee of grandmamma who loves her so well.

RB

A GOOD SISTER.

WHAT a good sister Edith is to take such care of her brother! Poor little Harry did not know how to cross the river this morning, and began to cry, but Edith told him not to be frightened and she would carry him over the stepping-stones. So she wiped away the tears, and taking him in her arms, went steadily across the river without slipping, and put him down safely on the other side, and then sat by him and gathered a nosegay of pretty flowers. Edith is very fond of Harry, and I am sure he loves her too, for he is never so happy as when they are together. They go for long walks on the hills near their home, and Edith always carries Harry directly he says he is tired, which, as he is quite a little boy only three years old, is very often. This good sister also picks the ripest wild strawberries and raspberries to give to her little brother, and at night, when bed-time comes, she sings him to sleep. If you, my little reader, have a good sister, who is kind to you, I hope you love her as much as little Harry does Edith.

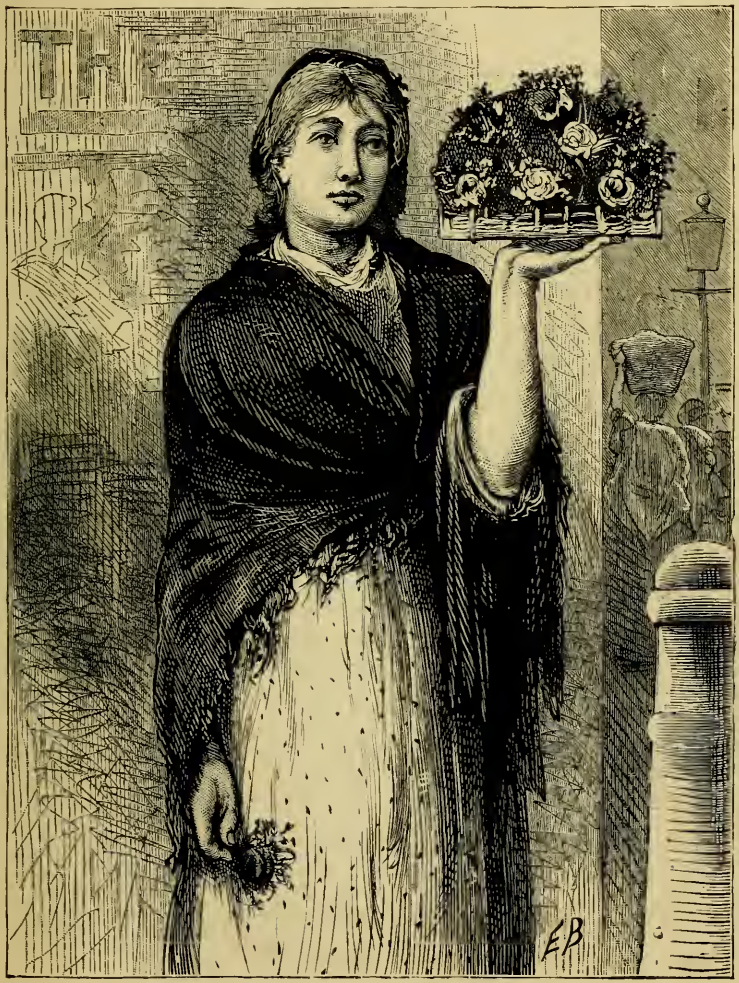
"BUY MY PRETTY FLOWERS?"

WHO will buy my pretty flowers?
Fresh are they and sweet;
I have walked for many hours,
And, with tired feet,

Longing, sigh for rest and quiet,
To be far away
From the city's din and riot,
On this summer's day.

But I have an ailing mother
Asking me for bread,
Sisters and a little brother
Wanting to be fed.

Oh! then, buy my pretty flowers,
Do not pass again;
I have waited many hours—
Must I ask in vain?


E.B.

CARTER AND HORSES.

A KIND man is Albert White, the carter, at One Tree Farm; his horses are the sleekest-looking and best cared for in all the country round. He never uses a whip, for he says they know his voice, and go better when he speaks to them, instead of beating them as too many people do. Here we see him giving the good creatures a feed of corn, and they deserve it, for have they not just dragged a load of wheat up the steep hill to Ewhurst Mill to be ground into flour? Albert White wants something to eat himself after his long walk beside the waggon, but he attends to his horses first, for he says they have earned their food; and so when they have begun their dinner he takes his. Then after a rest he will get into the empty waggon and drive down the hill, faster than he came up; and in the evening, before he goes to his own bed, he will see that his horses have gone to theirs, and are comfortable for the night. So he follows out the Bible rule, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

A VISIT TO THE FARM.

HOW delighted the children were when Mrs. Johnston said she would take them to spend a day at a farm-house! They were all up earlier than usual in the morning, and so afraid of missing the train that they arrived at the railway station just one hour before it started. When they reached the farm there was so much to see and do they scarcely knew where to go first. The hay-field, the pond with ducks and geese, the poultry-yard with fowls and pigeons, the meadows with cows and sheep, were new pleasures to the town-bred children. Here is a picture which Mrs. Johnston drew as a remembrance of that happy day, and in it we see Harry drinking the fresh milk which Peggy, the milk-maid, has given him, and Bessie feeding the goat, while Helen holds a kid in her arms. A hen is cackling her anger at being disturbed; baby, who thinks it is all done for her amusement, jumps and crows in Aunt Mary's arms; and the quietest spectator of all is the old cow, who munches her hay and wonders what it all means.

JOHN'S DRAWING LESSON.

YESTERDAY was John's birthday, and as he has always been fond of drawing, his father gave him a present of a drawing-book and several pencils. John would have used them at once, but as his cousins came over from Oakfield to spend his birthday with him he had no time for drawing, for what with making hay, and playing at games in the wood, and rowing about on the pond, the day passed all too soon. But this morning there was nothing to hinder him from trying his skill. He wished very much to take somebody's portrait, but papa had gone out riding, mamma was engaged with visitors, and nurse said she was far too busy with baby to have time to sit still. So John was obliged to content himself with his little sister's doll, and as John seems very intent upon his work, and Miss Doll is a very patient sitter and will remain for hours in any position, there is no reason why in time, even if he does not succeed at first, a very faithful portrait should not result from the drawing lesson.

BABY'S RIDE ON FATHER'S KNEE.

OUR baby ran to father's side
When he came in to tea;
He clapped his hands and said, "A ride,
A ride do give to me."

So on his foot he took the child,
And tossed him up on high,
And happy baby said, and smiled,
"Me going to the sky!"

"Now faster, faster let us go,"
Cried baby, with delight;
But father laughed and said, "Oh no,
I can't keep on all night."

"Then ride to-morrow?" baby said,
And father answered, "Yes,
If you are good. Now go to bed,
And God my darling bless."

THE SAILOR BOY.

WHAT a sad face this little sailor boy has! And no wonder, for he has just said good-bye to his home, and is going away to sea. He tried to be brave and make light of the parting when he saw how grieved his brothers and sisters were, and how the tears ran down his mother's cheeks at the thought that she might never see her darling again; but now he is very much inclined to cry himself, and I am sure no one would think the worse of him if he did, for it is quite right to be sorry when leaving friends and home, especially when it may be for years, as will probably be the case with our little sailor boy. But cheer up, little man; do your duty always wherever you are; read the Bible which your good mother has put into your well-filled bundle; and remember that God watches over you, whether you are on sea or on land, and that He will both take care of you and those you leave behind. So go on your voyage with a happier heart and a brighter face, and look forward to seeing your home again some future day.

SEAT FIVE

MY BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

"MY birthday presents," says little Annie, sitting down beside a table covered with gifts, "all given to me to-day, because it is my birthday, and I am eight years old." So, wishing her many happy returns of the day, we will look over the presents, and see what we admire most. Where shall we begin? There is a beautiful doll almost as large as a baby, and another one very much smaller, and a chest of drawers to keep the dolls' clothes in, a woolly lamb, who looks ready to cry out, "Baa!" directly you touch him, and a white rabbit in the opposite corner. Then, to build a house for the dolls to live in, there is a large box of bricks, and I think we shall find tables and chairs to furnish the house in another box on the table. There is a glass slate upon which to draw pictures when dolly is fast asleep, and when Annie gets tired of play she can read one of the four books, bound in red, and green, and gold, which her kind uncles have sent to her all the way from Scotland.

FAIRY TALES

"DON'T BE A SELFISH CHILD."

WOULD any one believe that Blanche is crying because she wanted to sit on her eldest sister's knee instead of little Carlo, the pet dog, who having hurt his paw when out walking to-day, is being stroked and made much of by his mistress? Blanche, being the baby and many years younger than the rest of the family, is very much petted herself, which is perhaps the reason why she now does not like to see Carlo in the place she wished to be. Annette is reasoning with her and saying, "Don't be a selfish child, Blanche; you have been sitting on my lap for an hour, and surely now that poor Carlo has hurt himself you will let him be here for a little while." Carlo looks as if he quite understood all they say, and if he could talk would ask, "Mayn't I stay and be nursed while my paw pains me?" Blanche would look very much surprised if Carlo really spoke, but I am sure she would answer "Yes," for she is not a badly-disposed child, although she is rather too fond of having her own way in everything.

THE ROBIN'S VISIT.

WHEN on the ground the snow lies white
Close up to the open door,
Comes little Robin with eyes so bright,
And a knowing look which says, "All right,
You've crumbs for me, I'm sure."

Then Bessie looks down at her tiny guest,
Who on the doorstep stands,
Ruffling with pleasure his crimson breast
When he sees her turning away in quest
Of the food which her gentle hands

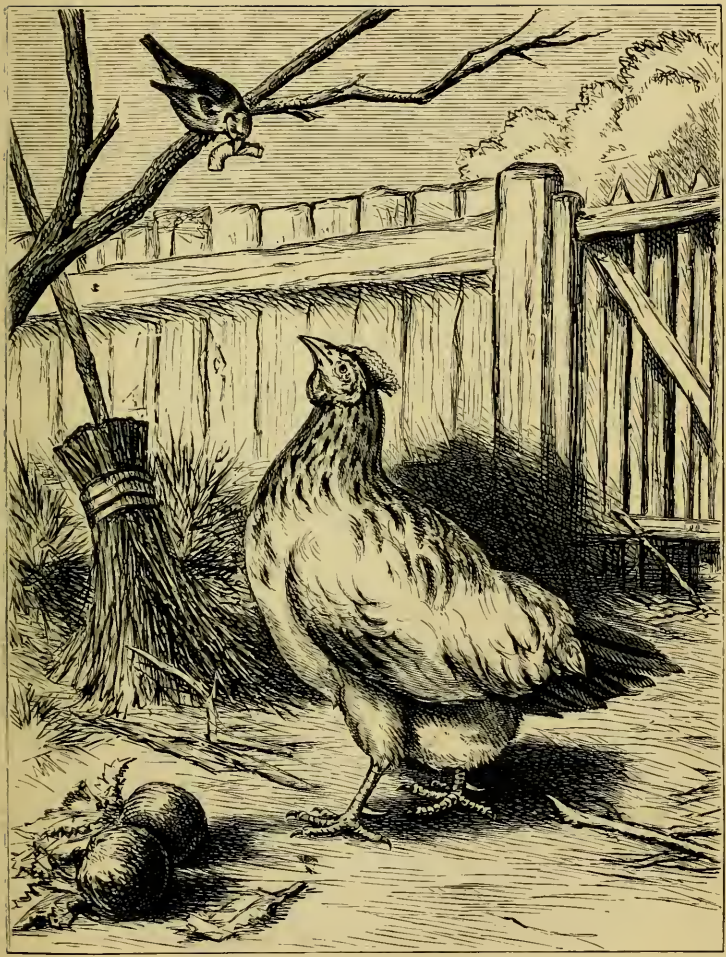
Will sprinkle before him in the snow
He rightly guesses ere long.
And when he has eaten it all, we know
He will not back to the elm-tree go
Without singing a grateful song.

A DILIGENT BOY.

ALTHOUGH only six years old, Edward is so fond of his books, and says his lessons so perfectly, that he is known both at home and at school by the name of the "diligent boy." It seems no trouble to him to learn what is set him, which makes some of his schoolfellows who are envious say, "Oh yes! of course, if we were as clever as Edward is, we could learn our lessons better." But that is a mistake of theirs, and hides their own idleness, because Edward is not naturally clever, only he is diligent and wants to get on; and that is the real reason, so his teacher says, why he never gets sent back in the class with unlearnt lessons. We must hope that all through life he will keep up this habit of being diligent, for in the same way that a diligent boy gets on in school, a diligent man gets on in business; and as every one in this world has something to do, and idleness is the root of much evil, we should all try our best to be faithful and diligent in the state of life in which it has pleased God to place us.

"PLEASE GIVE ME A PIECE?"

MRS. HEN was in a bad humour; indeed I think she must, as people say, have got out of bed the wrong way that morning, for nothing was right. She scolded so vigorously that the chickens ran away, and the older cocks and hens clapped their wings and said, "The best plan is to leave her alone until she is better tempered." So it happened that she found herself shunned by all. And didn't she grumble!—at her friends because they left her, at the food because, though there was plenty of it, it was not to her liking, and at the yard she lived in because she could not fly over the fence. In the midst of all these complaints she looked up and saw a bullfinch sitting on a bough with a bit of bread in his mouth. It was exactly the same food as that she had just turned from with disgust, but for greediness she said, "Oh, please give me a piece?" "No, no," said Mr. Bullfinch as well as he could speak, "you have plenty to eat, and I have my family to provide for." And off he flew, and so Mrs. Hen did not get what she asked for.



"LET US BE OFF TO THE FIELDS."

"LET us be off to the fields to-day;
Now, little Jenny, up and away!
Father has got no work to do,
So he means to take a ramble with you."

Jenny perched on her father's arm,
Feeling secure and safe from harm,
Wishes that he would every day
Take her out with him in this way.

"It's so much better," she says, "for me,
Because I don't get tired, you see;
And it makes me seem so very tall—
I can look over hedges, fences, and all."

Then as along the fields they walk,
They sing together, and laugh, and talk,
And father gathers the roses wild
To make a wreath for his darling child.

OUR YOUNG CAPTAIN.

SIDNEY'S father has a yacht, and he takes his family sometimes during the summer for a pleasant cruise round the coast. Sidney, who is very fond of the sea, and says that he shall be a sailor when he is grown up, is a great favourite with the men on board the yacht: they all call him "Our young Captain," and are always ready to show him how to steer or to row a boat, or the management of the sails. Last winter one of the sailors, who is very clever with his knife, made a model of a steamer, and brought it as a present to Sidney when he came on board the yacht, and Sidney was so pleased that he said he should go and be photographed with his vessel the first time he went ashore. Accordingly, when the yacht put into Dover Harbour to get a supply of provisions, Sidney and his boat went to the nearest photographer, and there he had his likeness taken, and he gave a copy of it to all the men on board the yacht, and also sent copies to all his cousins, for every one said it was a very good likeness.

FRANCESCA, THE FIDDLER.

FRANCESCA, whose portrait you see on the opposite page, was born in Italy, a country many hundreds of miles away from England; but her parents being poor she has wandered away from her home, fiddle in hand, and hopes by its means to earn some money. She learnt to play on it when quite a little girl, and now as she stands fiddling in the streets many people stop to listen to her, for she plays it very well indeed, and sometimes she sings also a pretty song about her own dear country, for she loves Italy, and longs to return to it. Do you not hope that she will soon have her wish, and be able to take back to her parents, who are now growing old, enough money to keep them in comfort for the rest of their lives? Francesca wears the same dress she did in her native land, and very becoming it is to her, for it suits her black hair and dark eyes. She cannot speak many words of English yet, but will say, "Grazzia, Signorina," which means "Thank you, little lady," to the little girl who gives her a penny.

"GUESS AGAIN."

"NOW, Emily," said bright-eyed Walter, "do not look at my hand, but tell me what I hold in it." And he went and stood back to back with his cousin, who was older and taller than he was, and held his hand down so that she might not see into it. Emily really did not care about knowing what Walter had got in his hand, but being very good-natured, she considered for a moment, and then said, "A ball of string," for every boy is supposed to have one in his pocket. "No," replied Walter. "Bull's-eyes," said Emily, knowing how fond Walter was of sweets. "No," was the answer. "Cherries." "No; it's too late in the year for them," said he. "Nuts." "No; guess again." Emily put her finger to her lips and stood thinking and guessing, but Walter said, "No" each time, so at last she said she would not guess again, he must show her his hand, and when he did what do you think was there? Why, a pretty little dormouse, which he had found under an old apple tree, and was taking home to keep as a pet.

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THE HOLIDAY.

NO lessons for us—it's a holiday!
Now who will come to the fields away?
And shall we have cricket or prisoner's base?
Or does any one feel inclined for a race?

Then the lake's close by, and if we will,
We may swim in its water cool and still;
And strawberries red and ripe I know
On the sunny banks in quantities grow.

We'll eat our dinner under a tree,
And ask farmer Jones to give us tea,
In return for which, if he likes, we'll stay
An hour and help him make his hay.

We needn't go home, so teacher said,
Till it's time for us all to be in bed;
So we can have hours of pleasant play—
Now then, three cheers for our holiday!

RN.

A COOL RETREAT.

HERE we are, many thousands of miles away from home, right across the Atlantic Ocean, on the American coast. It is very much hotter than in England, and the trees are different to ours, and there is much to tell us that we are in a strange land. Did you ever see such a sight as this before? In this cool retreat, out of reach of the hot rays of the sun, are more tortoises than you can easily count; some climbing about on a tree, others swimming in the water, and all enjoying the shady spot. Did I hear you ask if any use is made of these creatures? Yes, terrapin soup is one of the dishes at an American dinner, just as turtle soup is with us (turtles are a larger kind of tortoise), and the hard shell is made into combs and boxes, and other ornamental work. Mamma has a tortoise-shell bracelet, you know, and grandpapa has a box made of the same material; and the workbox which cousin Robert sent over from India last year, as a present to his sister Annie, is also made of tortoise-shell inlaid with silver.

A LECTURE.

NOT a very serious lecture, judging from their faces. I fancy if we were near enough to hear what Mrs. Macdonald is saying, we should find it something like this: "Now, Sandy, how often am I to tell you not to touch my work-table? Last week I found the reels of cotton half unwound as a plaything for pussy, and to-day when I sat down to my knitting I found two of the pins half drawn out and several stitches dropped. I suppose you wanted to try your hand at knitting as well as other things; but it won't do, Sandy: you keep to your book like a good boy, and leave my knitting alone, or else if I find you in mischief again, I shall have to send you supperless to bed, and, you know, that will be a great punishment." Sandy, with a smile on his face as he thinks of the delightful gambols he and pussy had with those reels of cotton, will promise obedience, and to leave off for the future all the tricks which Mrs. Macdonald tells him are wrong in a boy of his age. Let us hope he will keep his promises.

A DAY IN THE WOOD.

HOW pleasant it is in a wood to stay,
And spend the whole of a summer day!
With nothing to do from morn till night
But pick the flowers, red, yellow, or white.

And when you get tired of doing that,
You need only toss off your brown straw hat;
Then under a tree you can quietly lie,
And gaze through the leaves at the bright blue sky.

Have Hildred and Frank gone home? No, look!
They are sitting dabbling their feet in the brook;
That is *their* idea of pleasure, you see,
But *mine* is to lie still under a tree.

I wish that father and mother would come,
For then we could stay here and not go home;
And think how much cooler and better 'twould be
The whole summer long to live under a tree.

"AFTER ME."

IN foreign countries we oftener see children going to fetch water from a distance than we do in England, where the water is generally laid on in the house, and so this picture shows us two German children who have been sent by their mothers this bright morning to get water for breakfast, and I hope they will be quick about it, because neither tea nor coffee can be made until they return. But see what a rude little boy we have here. Instead of helping his cousin to fill her jug he stands right in front of the trough into which the water flows, and placing his hands one on either side, so that she cannot come near, he says, "After me." And he looks so determined that I am sure he will not move until his own jug is full. His cousin seems disappointed, but she is too good-natured to be angry with him, and I hope when he grows older he will be sorry for his rudeness, and learn to be polite and help others before he thinks of himself, which all good boys and girls know is the way to make themselves loved by their relations and friends.

AT THE SEASIDE.

SHOULD not you like to make one of this happy party spending the hot summer morning so pleasantly under the shade of the cliffs? It is holiday time, so as there are no lessons they are out on the sea-shore all day long. Sometimes they build a castle of sand, and stones, or else, digging a great hole in the sand, they try to fill it up with water brought from the sea in Bessie's little wooden pail. But to-day the amusement is to float Teddy's new boat in a large pool down by the rocks, so there he is, knee-deep in the water, holding it up, for he is afraid the wind may blow it over, and it would be a pity to wet the clean white sails. And Tommy and Charlie are looking on, and giving advice about the proper way of floating a boat, while Bessie has come up to nurse, who is sitting on the sands with baby in her arms, and is asking if she may take off her socks and shoes and go into the water with Tommy, because he has told her there are sea-weeds in the pool, and she wants to take some home to mamma.

THE BEST BOOK.

I HOPE all my little friends know what is meant by "The Best Book," and that they like to hear, even if they cannot read for themselves, the beautiful stories told in its pages. Here is a little boy trying to read a Bible story, but he cannot do it well, because the long words puzzle him; so old nurse, upon whose knee he sits, has laid aside her knitting, and is looking over the page, and between them I dare say they will be able to understand it. I wonder what the story is about. Perhaps it is the history of Joseph, or of Samuel, who served God faithfully all through his long life; or better still, it may be they are reading of our blessed Lord, who was once a little child Himself, and who, when He grew up and went about doing good, still thought of and loved and cared for all the little children He met. And now, though He has gone back into heaven, He watches over all the little girls and boys in the world, and would like them to grow up good people, and live with Him for ever.

"SEE ME JUMP."

"SEE me jump," said bright little May,
Stopping her aunt on the stairs one day,
"See me jump, and then you can tell
Papa and mamma that I do it well."

And so Aunt Rosa stopped and smiled,
Willing to please the dear little child,
And when she went back to her room she took
A likeness of May for this picture-book.

So we too can see her as she stands
With smiling face and with outstretched hands,
Ready when aunt says "One, two, three,"
To jump down the step in highest glee.

And "See me jump," is now her cry,
When sisters, brothers, or aunt are nigh,
For she thinks they all must with her agree,
It's a very grand sight to come and see.

FRIGHTENED HAROLD.

OLD Farmer Jenkins sat drinking his tea one summer's evening, when he suddenly heard such a noise and crying outside the house that he put down his cup, and went off in a hurry to see what was the matter. And when he reached the stile leading into the meadow, what did he see? Why, his own grandson Harold leaning up against an elm-tree, too frightened to do anything but scream at poor harmless old "Punch," the sheep-dog, who never had been known to hurt anybody during his whole life. "Come, come, Harold, my boy," called out his grandfather, "don't be a coward, and stand crying there like a baby. Punch won't hurt you; he is quite surprised at the noise you are making, and cannot understand why, instead of screaming in that ridiculous manner, you don't give him some of the cake in your hand." "Is that all, grandfather?" said Harold; "he may have the whole piece if he will go away." And throwing it down, he ran up to his grandfather, who laughed at him for being such a coward.

THE PORTRAIT.

IT was Harold's great wish to be an artist, but being only a little boy, he was afraid people would laugh at him if he talked too much about it, so he kept his thoughts to himself. However, he employed his spare time in drawing, and filled a book with pictures, only telling his brother and sister. He could not help letting them into his secret, for they were his constant companions. At last he took so good a portrait of "Fido," the pet dog, that Arthur, who was proud of his brother's work, said it was a shame to hide the picture, and persuaded him to place it over the mantel-piece in the parlour. So when no one was looking, Arthur mounted on a chair, and put Fido's likeness up against the wall, and then telling his mother there was something to be seen in the parlour, he and Harold and little Lily followed her into the room. She saw the portrait of Fido in a moment, but could not guess who had taken it until Arthur told her, and then she was so pleased that she said Harold must be an artist, So he had his wish after all.

E.H

QUAIL AND HER YOUNG.

AS the mother quail is not more than eight inches long, you may think her babies are small enough; and she has plenty to do in watching that they are not lost in the corn, or not eaten up by the hawks, weasels, and other hungry creatures, who are always ready to pounce upon a stray chick. The quail is not a common bird in England, but in many parts of the world they are to be found in very great abundance; indeed, we read in the Bible that the Israelites, who were like an army for numbers, at one time lived on the quails which came round their camp in the wilderness. The colour of the quail is a mixture of brown and black, with some yellowish streaks, and she is, I think you will say, from her picture opposite, a very pretty little bird. She makes a nest of dry grass and leaves in the corner of a field, and lays six or seven grey-coloured eggs, upon which she sits until the little chicks come out, and then, as I said before, she has enough to do to keep her babies in order, for they like having their own way as much as you do yours.

THRUSH AND NEST.

"YES," says Mr. Thrush, "yes, my wife and I have taken, as you see, great pains to make as comfortable a home as we can for the young family we expect to live in it this summer. We chose this tree because it is out of the way of schoolboys, and the branches are so convenient for placing the nest in safety." "And do you find nest-building easy work?" "Well, it seems to come naturally to us, especially after the first time, but there's a great deal of flying about hither and thither to find materials. All this dried grass we gathered bit by bit in the meadow down there by the water, where it grows tall and fine; then the clay I mixed with it came all the way from the brickfield, and the rotten wood which lines it was all picked up in and about the old timber-yard two miles off. Yes, indeed, it is a trouble to get so many things together, but nothing can be gained, you know, without working for it. But I mustn't stop here, I shall never get on at this rate; good-bye."

MY PET.

OH! what a happy boy am I,
To own a dog just come from Skye.
For look what uncle gave to me
Last week when he came here to tea.

He'd been away from home, you know,
And said that as I couldn't go
So far with him and Cousin Mike,
He'd bring me something I should like.

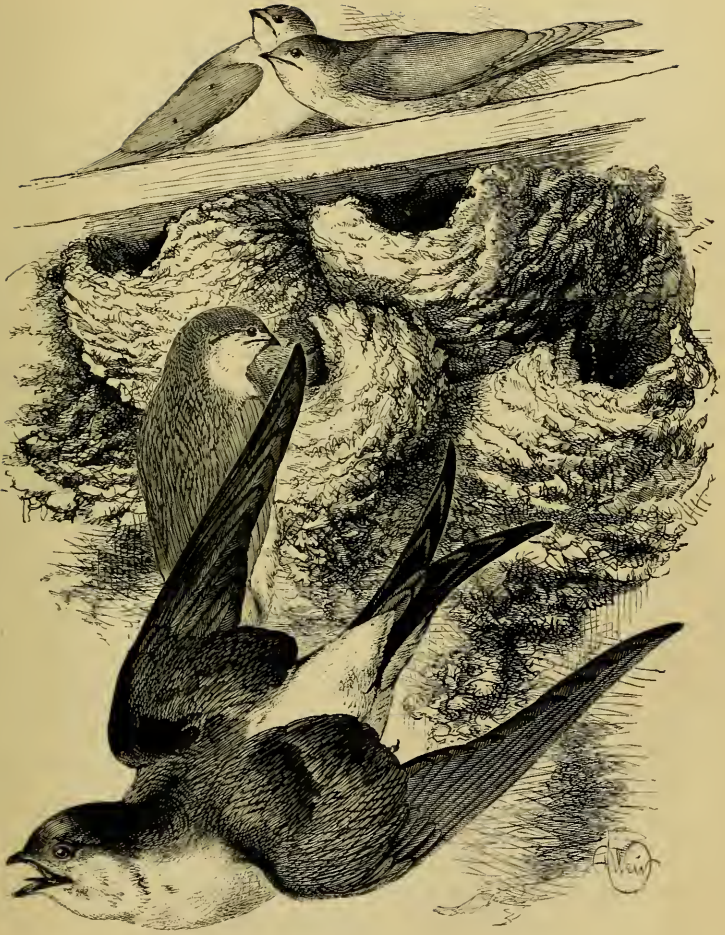
I wondered what 'twould be, of course;
I thought a cart or rocking-horse,
Because I never guessed that he
A real live dog would give to me.

I love my pet so very much;
He jumps up at my lightest touch,
Sits on my knee, and plays about,
Or follows me when I go out.

R B

SWALLOWS AND NESTS.

YOU all know these birds well, for there are few little girls and boys who do not look out anxiously every spring for the return of the swallows, thinking that it is a sign of warmer weather when they are seen darting about in the air; for the swallows are birds that like warmth, and so every autumn they collect together in large flocks and go far away over the sea to a climate where there is scarcely any winter, and there they remain until the brighter days bring them back to England. One kind of swallow builds its nest in the chimneys of our houses, and so we cannot see it made, though we can hear the bird's sweet song; but another, called also the house-martin, makes its nest under the eaves, and may often be seen flying up with a bit of mud in its bill to add to it. Those of you who live in the country must also know of a third kind, called the sand-martin, from its habit of living in sand-pits. This last bird is the one you so often see flying over the rivers and ponds on a summer's evening.



A CUP OF COFFEE.

HUBERT is fond of asking questions, and this morning he wishes to know about the coffee which smells so nice as his mother pours it carefully out of the pot. "I don't want to know how it is made, mother, because I saw you pour the water upon the brown powder, but where it comes from, and what it looks like when it's growing." But his mother could not answer these questions; so after breakfast she found a book and told him to read for himself about the coffee-plant, which Hubert did. Shall he read it aloud to us? "The coffee-plant is an evergreen, and grows from fifteen to twenty feet high; it has bright green leaves, and white flowers; the berries are red, like cherries; these when ripe fall, and the skin being taken off, the seeds are dried in the sun, and are then ready for use. But as they are white, and we like the brown colour, we roast them before grinding up. The countries of Asia and Africa produce the coffee-plant." Thank you, Hubert, we will remember that the next time we drink a cup of coffee.

"BOBBIE," THE TAME ROBIN.

WHAT a fortunate little bird you are, Bobbie, to have such a kind mistress! I think your companions who flew away with so much alarm when they saw you enter the open window that snowy day, would gladly change places with you now if they came and saw the beautiful house in which you live. And you seem to know how happy you are too, Bobbie, for you never try to get away; but I don't think you ought to be where you are. What do you suppose Thomas, the gardener, would say if he came now and found you in the orchard-house among the beautiful ripe cherries which he intends to send to the fruit-show next week? You say surely he could spare a few cherries for you in return for the sweet song you sang him last night. I am afraid he was thinking so much about the fruit-show, that he never heard you. So take my advice, Master Bobbie, go back to your own house, where you'll be sure to find plenty to eat and drink, and leave old Thomas's cherries alone.

THE RABBITS.

"NOW come into the yard with me,"
One day said little Ted,
"There's something new for you to see:
I want both Jane and Fred."

What could it be? Away they ran,
Eager to find it out;
And Jane and Fred at once began
To peep and peer about.

When in the yard, to their delight,
The children quickly spied
Two full-grown rabbits, grey and white,
Reposing side by side.

"Uncle gave both of these to me,"
Said Ted, and stroked their heads,
"But one I think had better be
Mine, and the other Fred's."

THE BASKET OF FLOWERS.

SEE what a beautiful basket of flowers Hester has got! She was up very early this morning, long before you were awake, and went to Covent Garden Market to buy them; and now she is tying them up in bundles, hoping that when she goes out into the streets the passers-by will stop to look at the nicely-arranged nosegays, and smelling their sweet scent, will buy them from her, to take home to their own little girls. Hester is only a girl herself, but her face tells us she knows what sorrow is; for she was left an orphan many years ago, and then had to leave her home in the country and live in the crowded town. She often thinks of that home now, and while she ties up her nosegays, remembers how sweet the wild flowers were she gathered as a child, and thinks they were even better than some she has here. But how delicious these red roses and white pinks are! and I am sure there is honeysuckle in the basket. Yes, and mignonette, and sweet peas, and—but it will take too long to name them all, so I give it up.

META AND "KAPPA."

META'S home is thousands of miles away in Russia, but her father and mother came to England on business, and they would not leave their little girl behind. Neither did they forget faithful old "Kappa"; and very glad is Meta that he was brought with them, for being an only child, and shy among strangers, she would be dull and solitary without this four-footed friend. Many are the hours they spend together, Meta telling him all her troubles, and Kappa looking up in her face as much as to say, "Never mind, you have me to look after you." Sometimes Meta is full of fun, and then she and Kappa have grand games of play; they seem to have had one this afternoon, for Kappa looks tired as he lies at his young mistress's feet, and she is sitting dressed up in a cape and cap which evidently belong to her mamma. Hark! there is the door-bell ringing; perhaps that is mamma come back from a drive. And Meta will keep quite still, wondering what will be said when she is seen in her borrowed plumes.

WILLING EDITH.

BEING always ready to do what she can, has earned for Edith her name. She is only a little girl, but there are people who say she is of so much use in the house that they don't know what to do without her. She always has a smile on her face, and will jump up in a minute to run upstairs and fetch grandpapa's spectacles which he left in his dressing-gown pocket, or to bring grandmamma another skein of cotton for her knitting. Mamma finds her often doing little things to save her trouble, and papa knows that when he comes in cold and tired, it is Edith who has put his slippers to warm before the fire, and that the same little hands will be ready to help him off with his wet cloak. With the servants Miss Edith is a favourite, and old Nurse, who is sometimes very cross, brightens up when she comes into the nursery, and holds her up as a pattern child. Willing Edith never feels dull, for she has too much to do, and has besides such a happy disposition that she makes sunshine wherever she goes.

WE PRAISE THEE, O LORD.

WE praise Thee, O Lord of all power
And might, who so safely has kept
Watch over us hour by hour,
And guarded our beds while we slept.

We praise Thee, O Lord, every morning.
For sparing us during the night,
And pray that the daylight returning
May find us more pure in Thy sight.

We praise Thee, O Lord, every Sunday,
And tell of Thy wisdom and love;
And trust that we all of us one day
May sing in Thy temple above.

We praise Thee, O Lord, who hast given
The blessings we richly enjoy;
And when we exchange earth for heaven,
Praise still shall our voices employ.

JUSTINE'S PRESENT.

HOW delighted these children are with the white rabbits their cousin Justine has just brought in for them from the country! Ernest is so eager to get a better look at them that he has almost upset the basket in which they are. "Pretty creatures, don't be frightened," he says; for the mother looks very much startled, and the little ones inclined to hide themselves in the red cloth which Justine covered over them on their journey. "Pretty creatures, I would not hurt you; only let me touch your soft white fur, and then I will get you something to eat." For Ernest is a kind little boy to animals, and never hurts them or leaves them without food. Justine knew this, or she would never have brought her little pets; and what is it she is saying? "Yes, I will give them to you if you will have them. Mother says it is time for me to go out to service, and I have no one to leave my pets with at home." And Ralph promises her that he and little Ernest will look after the white rabbits, and feed them well.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

ETHEL and Mabel dearly love their kind young governess, and she in return is extremely fond of her little pupils, and is always ready for a game of play, or a walk, when lessons are over. Saturday afternoon is always a happy time with them, for it is kept as a holiday. Sometimes they spend the hours in the garden, working in their own little flower-beds, which it is their pride to keep as neat and gay as possible; or they enjoy a good game of croquet on the shady lawn. Another time they take a long walk through the woods where the nuts and blackberries grow plentifully, or up the shady lanes to the heaths above the village; and even when it rains, as it does to-day, they make themselves happy in the schoolroom either with books or toys. Look at them now: Ethel sits on Miss Penrose's knee, Mabel stands on the other side with an open book, and dolly, whose name is Jemima, lies open-eyed on the sofa beside them, while all are listening earnestly to the story which Miss Penrose is telling them.

READY FOR A SAIL.

I WONDER what's keeping my sisters three?
They promised to come for a sail with me,
And here have I been this hour or more,
Ready and waiting upon the shore.

They all three said, "We won't be long."
Just see what that means! I call it wrong
To keep me waiting the whole afternoon;
I shall go away if they don't come soon.

Such a beautiful day as it is, oh dear!
How vexing it is they will keep me here;
The sea is so bright, and with such a wind
We should very soon leave the land behind.

Too bad of my sisters to treat me so;
No longer I'll stay—I'll really go;
And then if *they* choose to come so late,
They shall find that *I* didn't care to wait.

T. H. Wilson

ZEBRA AND YOUNG.

MRS. ZEBRA, standing with her baby by her side, asks proudly of the lookers-on, "Did you ever see such a likeness?" and certainly mother and child are very much alike, striped all over their bodies, from head to foot, and from nose to tail, with the same regular marks of black. Strong and wild by nature, the zebra family are left very much to themselves, which is a source of great happiness to the mother and child in the picture before us. "No! no! my baby is not going to become as tame as the donkey, or to draw carts and carriages like the horse; it is to have its freedom, and go just where it likes all over these large plains;"—so says Mrs. Zebra, and she means it too, for if anybody took the trouble to go all the way to the hot country of Africa, where Mrs. Zebra is at home, and tried to carry off her baby, they would find their journey a vain one, and that she would kick severely, and perhaps break the legs of the person bold enough to take away her darling.

CLEVER JOHN.

"WHO'S coming with me?" asked John Campbell, when dinner was over; "who's coming to see my new boat?" "I will come," said his brother William. "And I," said his cousin Robert, who was spending the day with them. So out they all went into the yard, where stood a tub of rain-water all ready for them; then Janet brought out Winifred, the baby, and even "Pompey," the house-dog, followed, and now sits with his nose just over the edge of the tub, looking on gravely at the proceedings. "Oh! isn't John clever?" says little William, who thinks a great deal of his elder brother; "isn't John clever to make a boat by himself, sails and all?" And he watches with great interest to see it float across the tub of water, which, with a little added help from the three boys, as there is not enough wind, it does very well indeed. John, who is kind as well as clever, has promised his brother William to make him a boat for his next birthday, which will be in September.

EH

NO ONE TO PLAY WITH.

"NO one to play with me, what shall I do?"
So says, half sobbing, our poor little Sue;
"No one to play with me; very unkind
Of my sisters to go out and leave me behind.

"They said they were going a very long way,
And I was too young at lawn-tennis to play;
But it's all an excuse, I very well know,
For if I am young, why shouldn't I go?

"I know I can play at bat, trap, and ball
Much better than sisters, although I am small;
And that being the case, I really don't see
Why, if they were going, they couldn't take me.

"No one to play with the whole afternoon!
I wish that the evening would come very soon;
For you don't know how dull it is under this tree,
With no one to speak to or play games with me."

LEARNING A TEXT.

KATE FRINTON has been taught from a very early age to do what the book-marker in her hand tells her—namely, to "search the Scriptures;" and every week she learns by heart a certain number of texts from the Bible, to repeat to her mother when on Sunday afternoon they sit together for the quiet hour they both like so well. In this way, and having a good memory, Kate has a very good knowledge of both the Old and New Testaments, and can say many of the Psalms. She has chosen for to-day the text, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" and thinking over the words, as her mother has told her to do, that she may understand them the better, Kate is resolving that she will do what she has to do with all her might; and young though she is, and small as the little duties of her life are, she is quite right to begin at once, showing by her actions that she knows what learning a text means, for it is not enough to learn the words—we must show by our lives that we follow them out.

Sarah le Serrurier

DISCONTENTED.

"DISCONTENTED with what, little maiden?" asked Uncle Walter, coming into the room in which his niece Julia was sitting with a decidedly unhappy look on her usually bright little face. "Come and tell me what has happened to make you look so miserable. Has dolly tumbled into the fire, or fallen out of window? for that I suppose is the most serious thing that can happen." "Oh, no, uncle," said Julia, laughing at such an idea; "but"—and here the unhappy look came back again—"I wanted a new frock to wear at Cousin Alice's birthday party, and mamma said I had plenty of good ones without buying another." "Mamma was quite right, Julia, and her little girl will look as nice as any one in the room if she remembers that a smiling face will make the wearer of the oldest frock be more admired than the finest dressed of the whole party. Now don't let that frown come back again, little Julia, for a discontented face is not pretty, and uncle likes to see his little niece happy and cheerful."

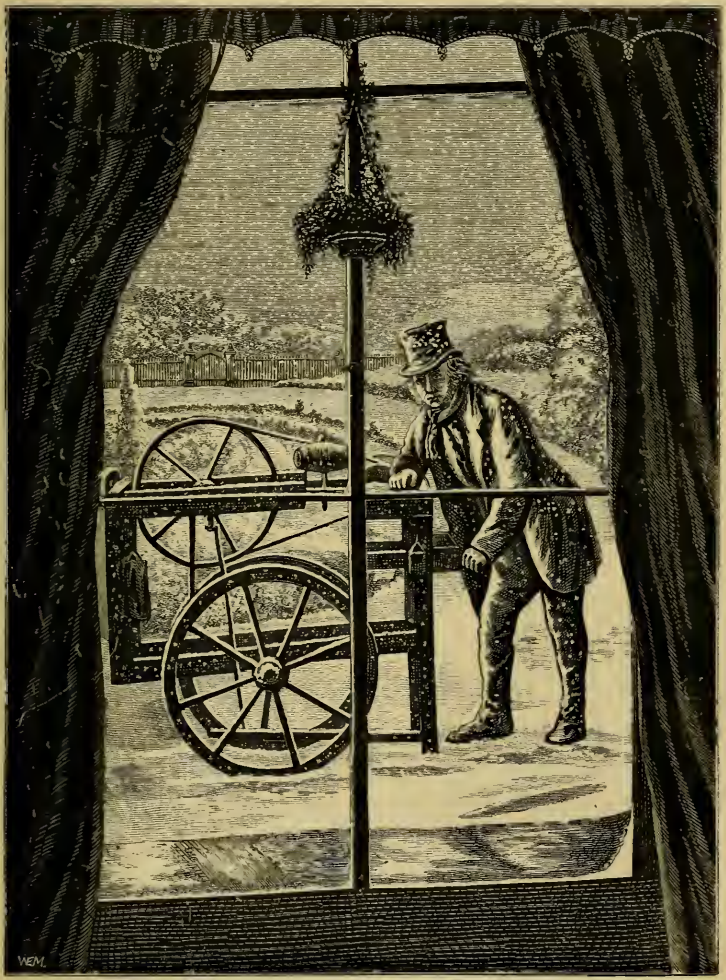
THE SCISSORS-GRINDER.

LOOK at the snow, hear the wind blow,
Dark is the wintry sky;
And yet Mr. Gray has come a long way,
"Scissors to grind," his cry.

He lives in the town, a long way down
Beyond the hill we see;
And day by day as he takes his way,
"Scissors to grind," cries he.

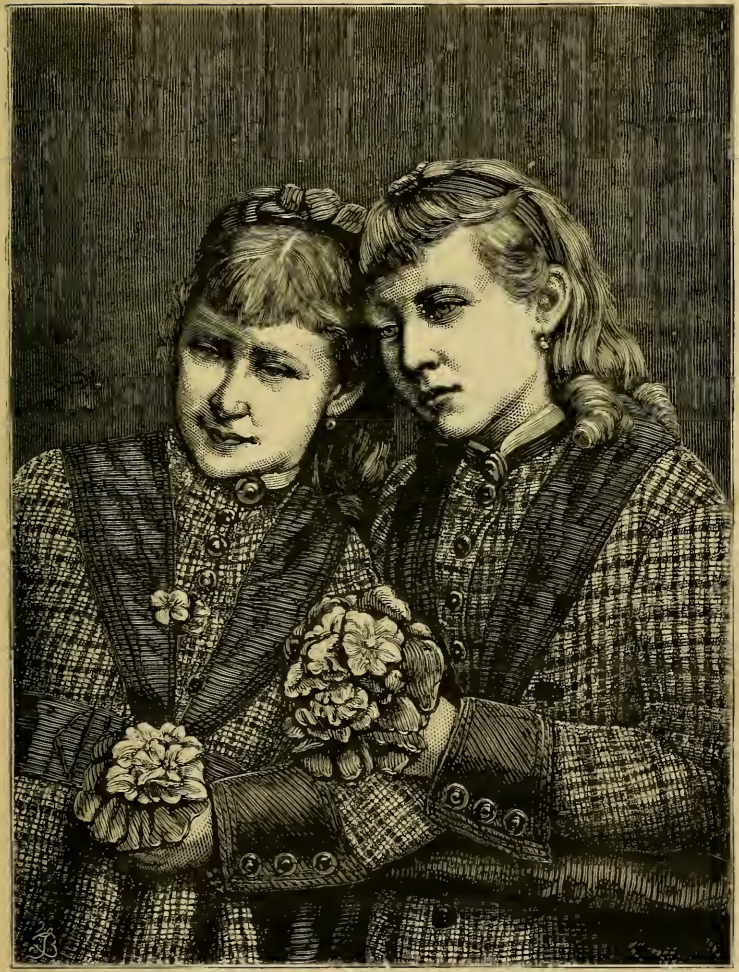
And we may be sure that many a door
Will open far or near,
And both women and men will run out when
"Scissors to grind" they hear.

Then each request he'll do his best
To satisfy, for he tries
His living to gain; so in sunshine or rain,
"Scissors to grind," he cries.


WEM

THE QUEEN'S GRANDCHILDREN.

ON the opposite page we give you portraits of two of the Queen's grandchildren, who have now lost their mother. They are the daughters of Her late Royal Highness the Princess Alice, who was married to the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt. She and her family often came over to England, and if any of you were at Eastbourne in 1878 you may have met them walking on the pier or parade. The eldest of these two princesses was born in 1863, and is named Victoria, and her sister, who is one year younger, is named Elizabeth. They have brothers and sisters, and I daresay are a very happy family party, and as fond of games as you all are; but princesses must learn lessons as well as play, and they set you a good example by being diligent at their studies and obedient to their parents. This is the duty of all children, in whatever rank of life, high or low, it has pleased God to place them, and I hope you, my little readers, will not forget it, but each do your best to deserve the name of a good, obedient child.



THE NOSEGAYS.

NOTHING gives Mr. Bennet more pleasure than a visit from the children of the village in which he lives. He likes to hear their happy voices as they laugh together under the trees, and he takes delight in pointing out to them how beautiful the flowers are, and how useful both to man and animals the green herbs are which God has so abundantly given us. The well-kept garden of Mr. Bennet's cottage is always full of flowers, and his bees make delicious honey from their juices, and are a source of amusement to the children, who like to watch them going in and out of the hive. Mr. Bennet always teaches his little visitors a lesson of industry and diligence by showing them the busy bees, and the neatly raked borders of his pretty garden, in which he works busily both early and late all through the summer-time; and then, to encourage them in the love of flowers, he gives to each child who comes to see him a beautiful nosegay when bidding him good-bye.

"KEEP IT UP!"

IT was a fine bright evening in summer, and a large party of young people were assembled on the lawn before a country house, engaged in a most exciting game of battledore and shuttlecock. One after another had given up, and now Isabelle Carysfoot and her cousin Ernest were the competitors, and "Keep it up, Isabelle, keep it up; don't let it fall," or, "That's right, Ernest, keep it up, old fellow," were the cries from the rival sides, who were each interested in the number of times the shuttlecock flew into the air without touching the ground. Even little Florence, who did not like being considered too young to play games, and who had cried at being left out, forgot her disappointment, and called out as loudly as the elder ones, "Keep it up," and clapped her small hands whenever Isabelle, who was her favourite sister, sent the shuttlecock higher than usual. And "keep it up" they did, for Ernest and Isabelle played so well that it was only from want of daylight they left off at all.

PLAYFUL KITTY.

KITTY, Kitty, you little thing,
You're much too full of play;
How can I read when up you spring?
Where did you come from, pray?

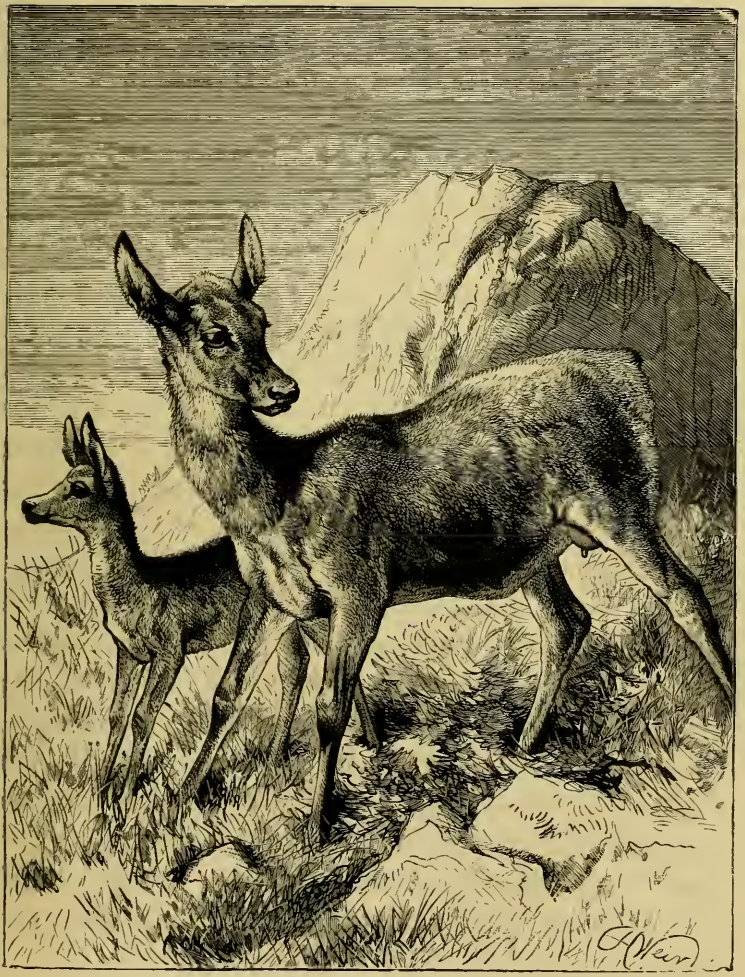
I thought I left you fast asleep
Upon the window-sill;
It seems to me you never keep
More than five minutes still.

Yes, now of course you think my hair
Will a nice plaything be;
But, Pussy dear, you must take care,
I want to read, you see.

If you'll be quiet for a bit,
And leave my hair alone,
Then you may on my shoulder sit
Until my book is done.

MOTHER-DEER AND BABY.

SOMETHING has startled them, as they fed securely enough, one would think, on the grass at the foot of the rocks, up which they imagined no one would climb; and if we could only get a little nearer, this is what we should hear the mother-deer saying to her baby: "My child, I am sure there is danger about; look out and tell me if you see the slightest movement on the hill yonder, or if I see it first I will give you the signal, and you must follow me, and run for your very life." And the baby, with cocked ears and glistening eyes, promises to do as it is told, and keep close to its mother's side. But after all it will probably prove a false alarm, for this is not the time of year for deerstalking; and I daresay the noise they heard was made by a party of people coming up the valley below to see the waterfall which is famous in the neighbourhood, and a favourite place for picnics in the summer-time with people who often come a long way to spend the hot days among the mountains.



BENNIE AND "BONNIE."

BENNIE and his dog "Bonnie" are such close friends that they are always together. Bonnie lies curled up on the floor at Bennie's feet while he is doing his lessons daily with his tutor, and at night he sleeps in the same room with his kind young master, who loves his dog very dearly. When lessons are over, Bennie and Bonnie run races together through the woods, and when tired they stop to rest under a tree, Bonnie taking his place on his master's knee as we see in the opposite picture. Bennie talks to the little dog, and says he understands what is said to him; and he is quite sure Bonnie knows when Sunday comes round, as he never tries to follow any of the family on their way to church, although at another time he would gladly go. Bennie and Bonnie are almost the same age, and Bennie says he intends to take so much care of Bonnie that he hopes they will both of them live to be very old—"A hundred," he once said, but that would be rather too old for either of them.

T.H. WILSON

ASKING A BLESSING.

WITH folded hands and downcast eyes,
Harold at table sits up;
His bread and butter near him lies,
And there's milk in the china cup.

But ere he eats he says a prayer
(For this is right and good)—
Asks God to give a blessing there
Upon his daily food.

Father and mother both have taught
Their boy that not too young
Is he to have God in his thought,
Nor praise Him with his tongue.

And so at breakfast, dinner, tea,
Before and after meat,
Harold gives thanks to God that He
Provides him food to eat.

DAISY AND HER DOLL.

A VERY little girl is Margaret Wilson, always called Daisy for a pet name; but although she cannot yet speak plainly she understands what is said to her, and hopes you will admire her doll, for it is a new present, and she is very proud of it. Nurse has kindly made a white robe and petticoat for dolly, and mamma has given the blue cloak and hood, and Daisy thinks that her baby ought to come downstairs and be looked at by the rest of the family. "Quite right, Daisy," says papa; "come here and show it to me." And Daisy, who is almost a baby herself, and "a funny little round bundle," as her eldest brother laughingly tells her, goes gravely and lays the bright-eyed doll, which she calls "me baby," for she cannot say "my," on papa's knee, and stands there to hear what he has to say. Satisfied with papa's words, Daisy next lays dolly on mamma's lap for her praise, and then follow sisters and brothers, who must each, so Daisy thinks, have something kind to say about her and her new doll.

WISHES.

AUNT said I might have wishes three,
As it's my birthday. Let me see,
What shall I ask for? She'll be sure
To give me all I want, and more.

I wish, well, yes—I think I'll wish
For nice red cherries in a dish;
And then it would be very nice
If I could have some strawberry ice.

I wish, I wish—what shall I say?
What do I want the most to-day?
I know what I should like—a ride
On "Minna," by my uncle's side.

I wish, I wish—but oh! dear me,
I've surely had my wishes three!
And auntie in the other room
Is calling to me, "Now, dear, come."